

WALT DISNEY'S

Goofy

and the

TIGER HUNT

AUTHORIZED
EDITION



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GOOFY
and
The Tiger Hunt

Authorized Edition

2-11-66

To Marky
From Gram
& Gramp



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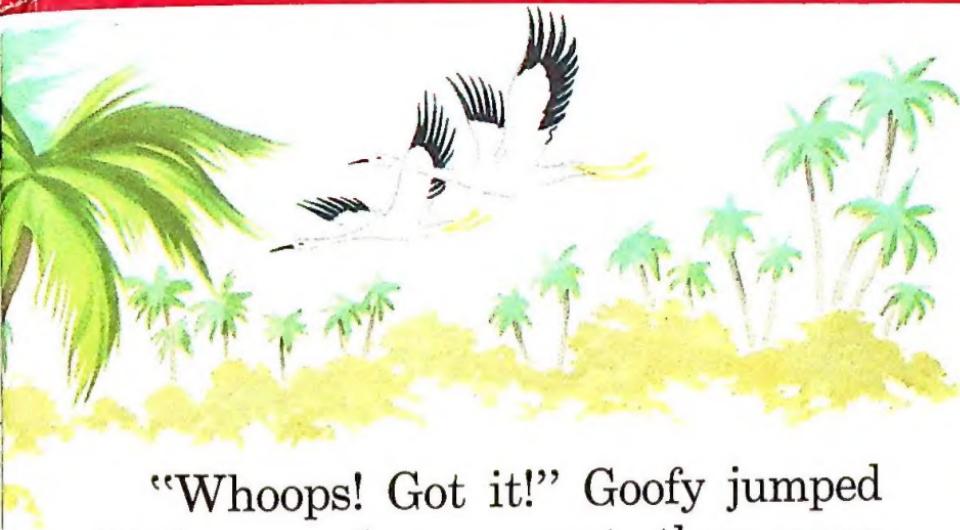
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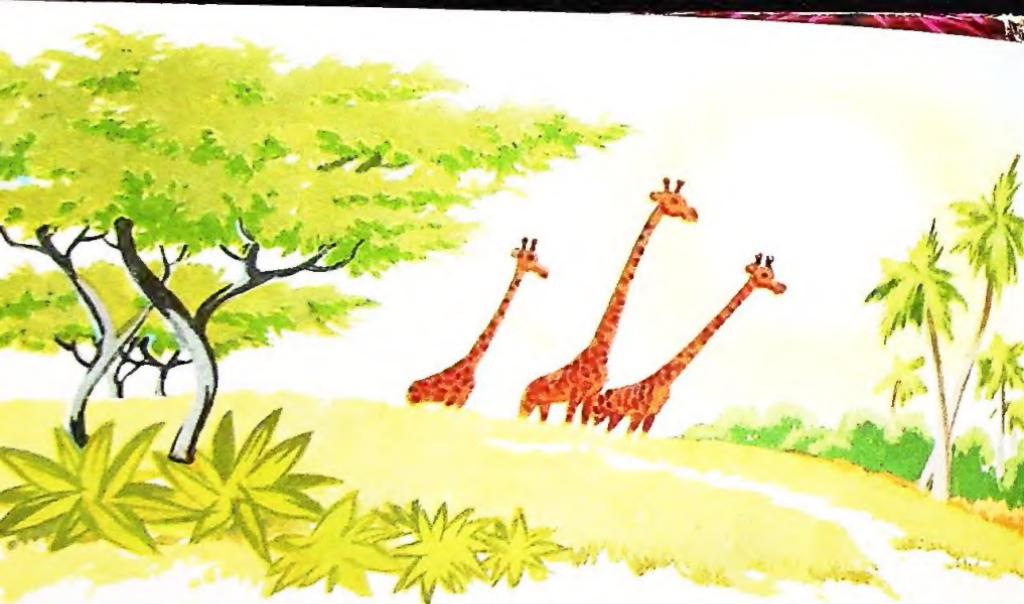




“Whoops! Got it!” Goofy jumped high to grab a coconut, then came down with a thump on Plumpo the elephant.

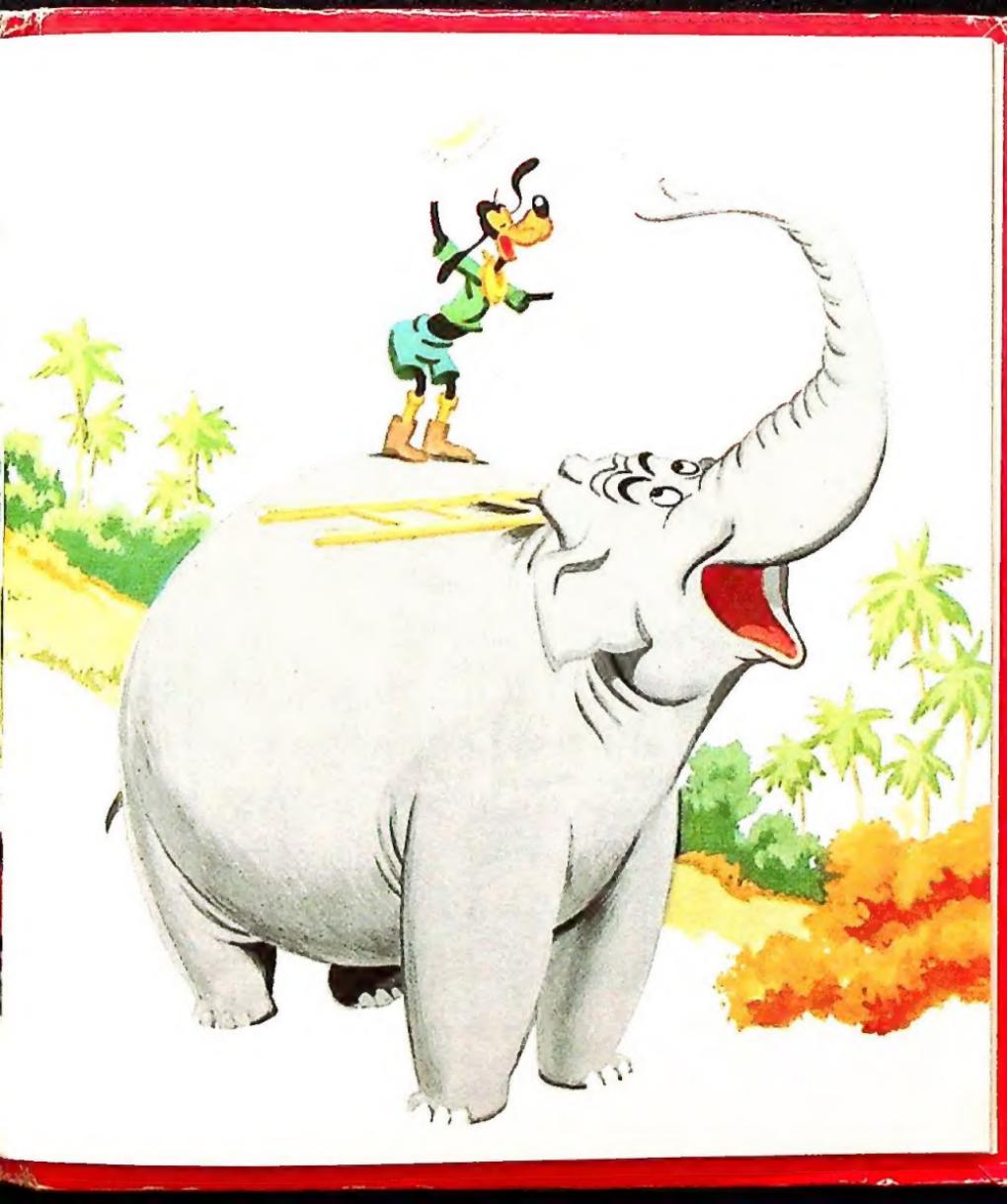
“Say, up there,” Plumpo called. “Aren’t you just a teensy bit worried about this tiger hunt?”

“Not me,” replied Goofy. “Who’s afraid of tigers? I’m just hot. Cool me off, will you, Plumpo?”



Plumpo smiled. "I see you're new in the jungle," he said. Then he sprayed Goofy with his trunk and fanned him with his big ears.

"Ho-hum. Tiger-hunting's pretty dull," Goofy sighed as they went farther and farther into the jungle. "Let's stop for lunch."





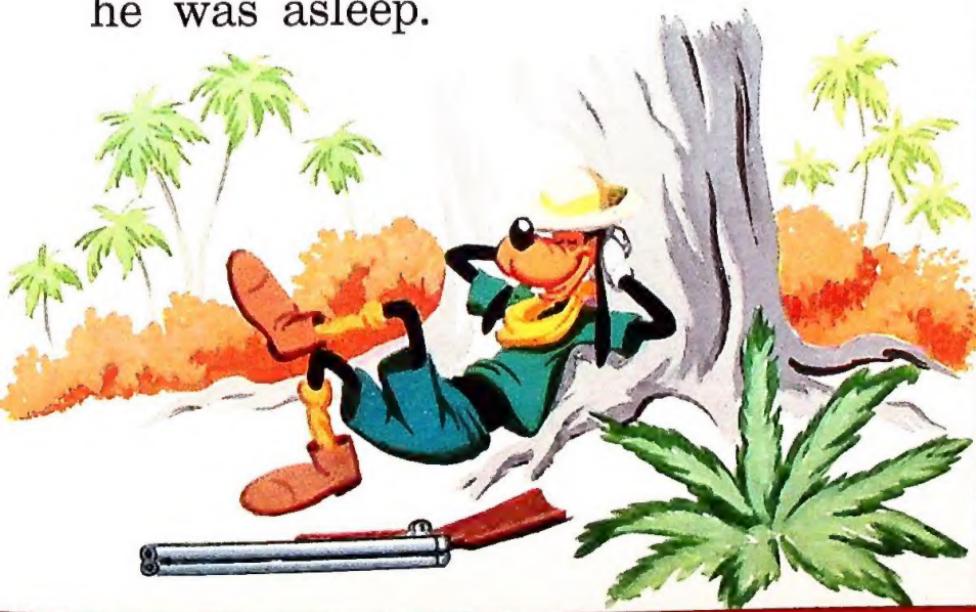
Plumpo stood still. Goofy let down the lunch basket and the ladder. Then he tried to climb down, but he caught first one foot, then the other, and then his gun. No one but Goofy could have become so tangled. Plumpo reached up and helped him.

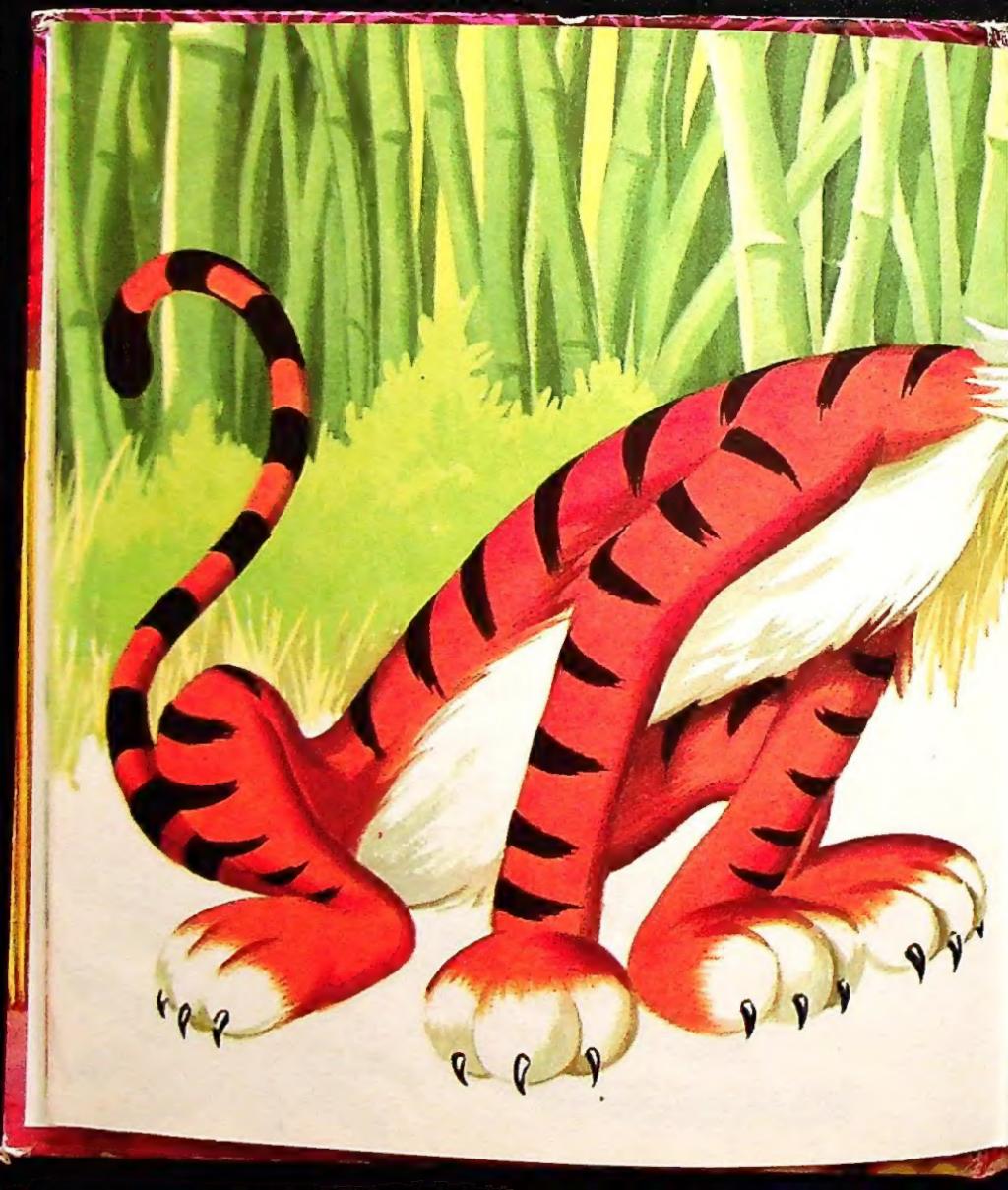
"Better not eat so much," Plumpo warned, as he nibbled his hay and Goofy gobbled sandwich after sandwich. "You may have to run."

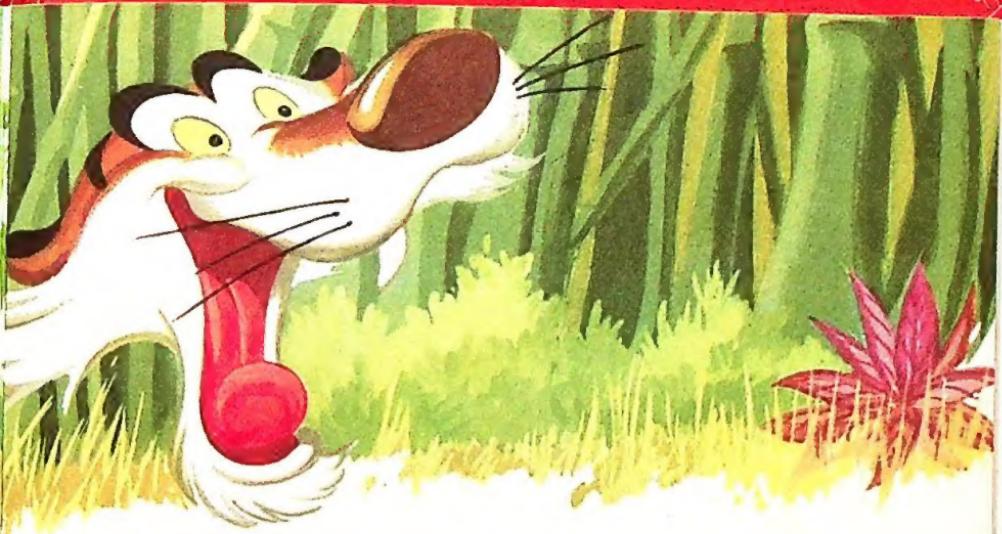
"Run? What for? I'm going to take a nap." Goofy leaned back against a tree and closed his eyes.

"I'll watch out for trouble," Plum-po offered.

"Trouble? Here—in>this—quiet—place?" murmured Goofy, and he was asleep.







Now, just as Goofy was going to sleep, Gaunt, the hungriest tiger in the jungle, was waking up. He yawned and stretched and sniffed. Then he sniffed again. Ah, a hunter must be near!

“Yeeeeee-owwww!” he screeched happily. “Yeee-oww!”



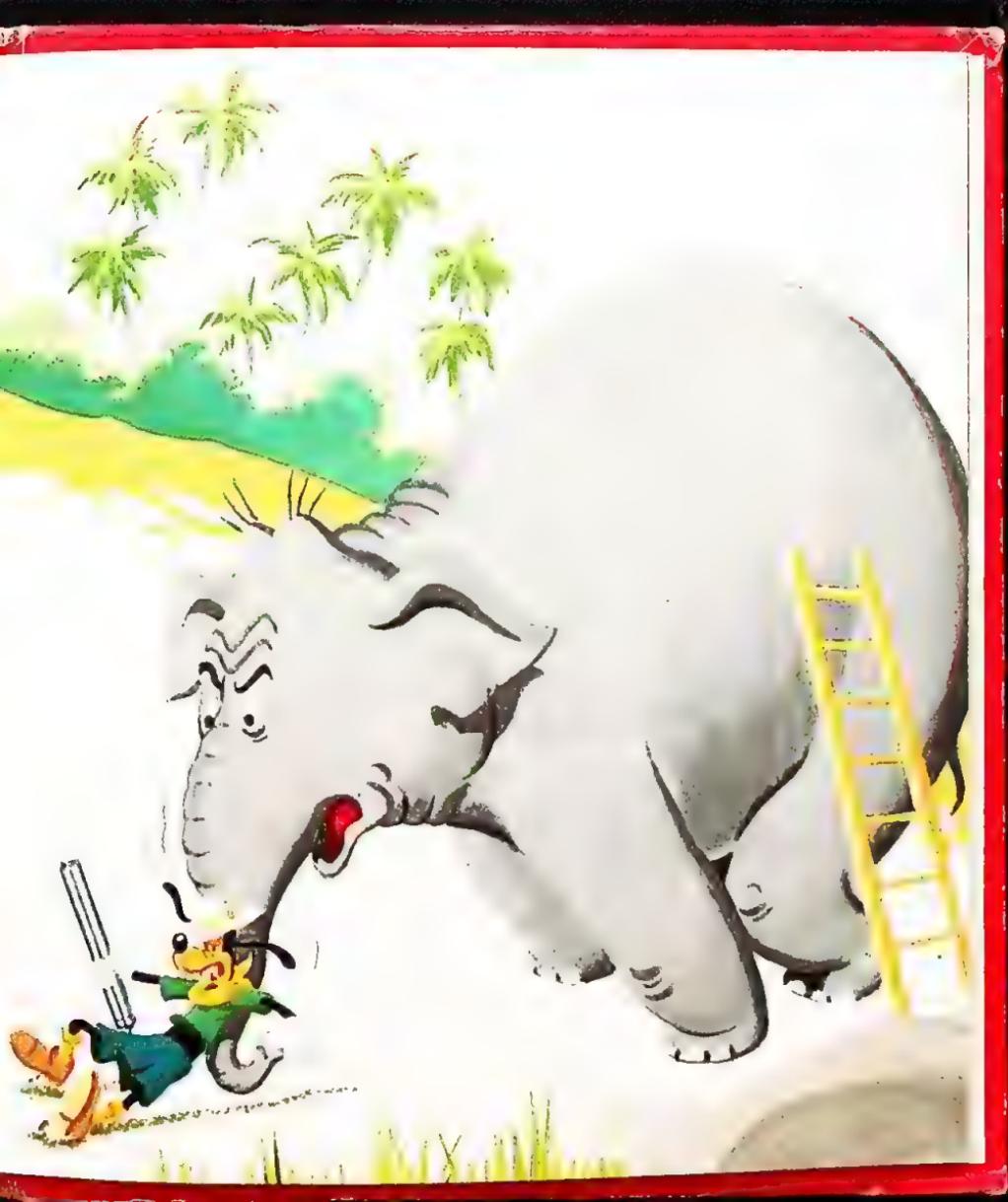
Goofy jumped up.

"What's that?" he shouted, and he scrambled up the ladder onto Plumpo's broad back.

"Only a tiger," Plumpo replied calmly. "Go after him."

"No-o-o-o!" Goofy hung onto the big elephant, terrified, but Plumpo lifted him down to the ground and handed him his gun.

"That way," he said, giving him a brisk shove.





Goofy shivered and shook as he crawled around a tree. WHAM! He was face to face with the snarling, hungry tiger.



“Wow!” screamed Goofy, leaping into the air. Gaunt, the tiger, thrust out a paw and caught him.

“Let me go!” Goofy cried. But it was no use. The tiger pulled off one of Goofy’s shoes and chewed it thoughtfully. When he had finished the shoe, he slowly licked the bottom of Goofy’s foot.

“Oh-oh-oh! Don’t! That tickles!” Goofy squirmed miserably. What could he do?

Then he had an idea.







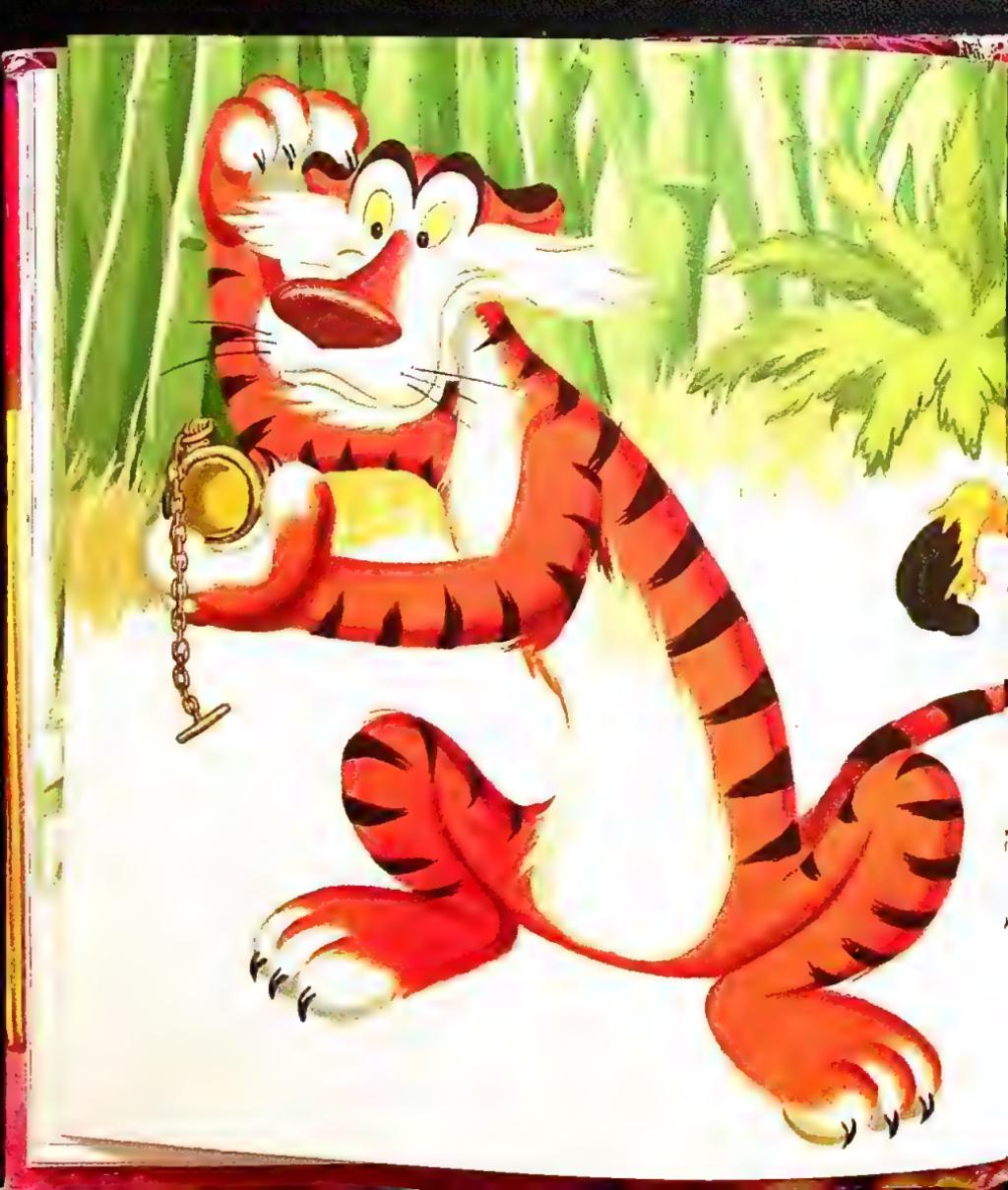
As Gaunt pulled off the second shoe, Goofy took his watch from his pocket.

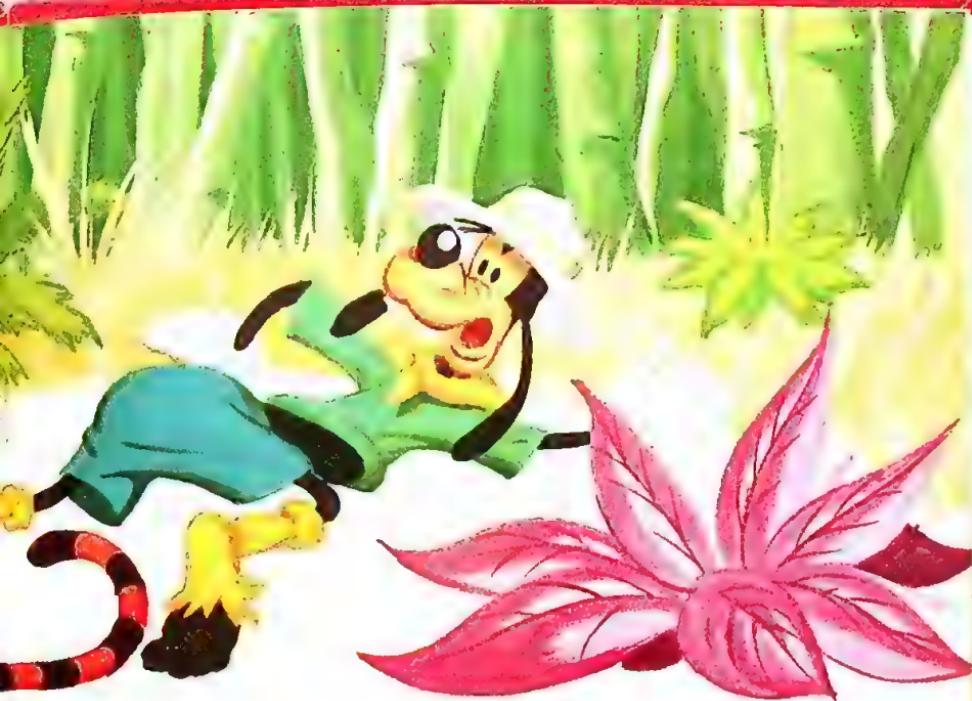
Tick-tick-tick-tick.

"What's that?" Gaunt asked between bites of the shoe.

"Just something that tells me things," Goofy answered as calmly as he could.



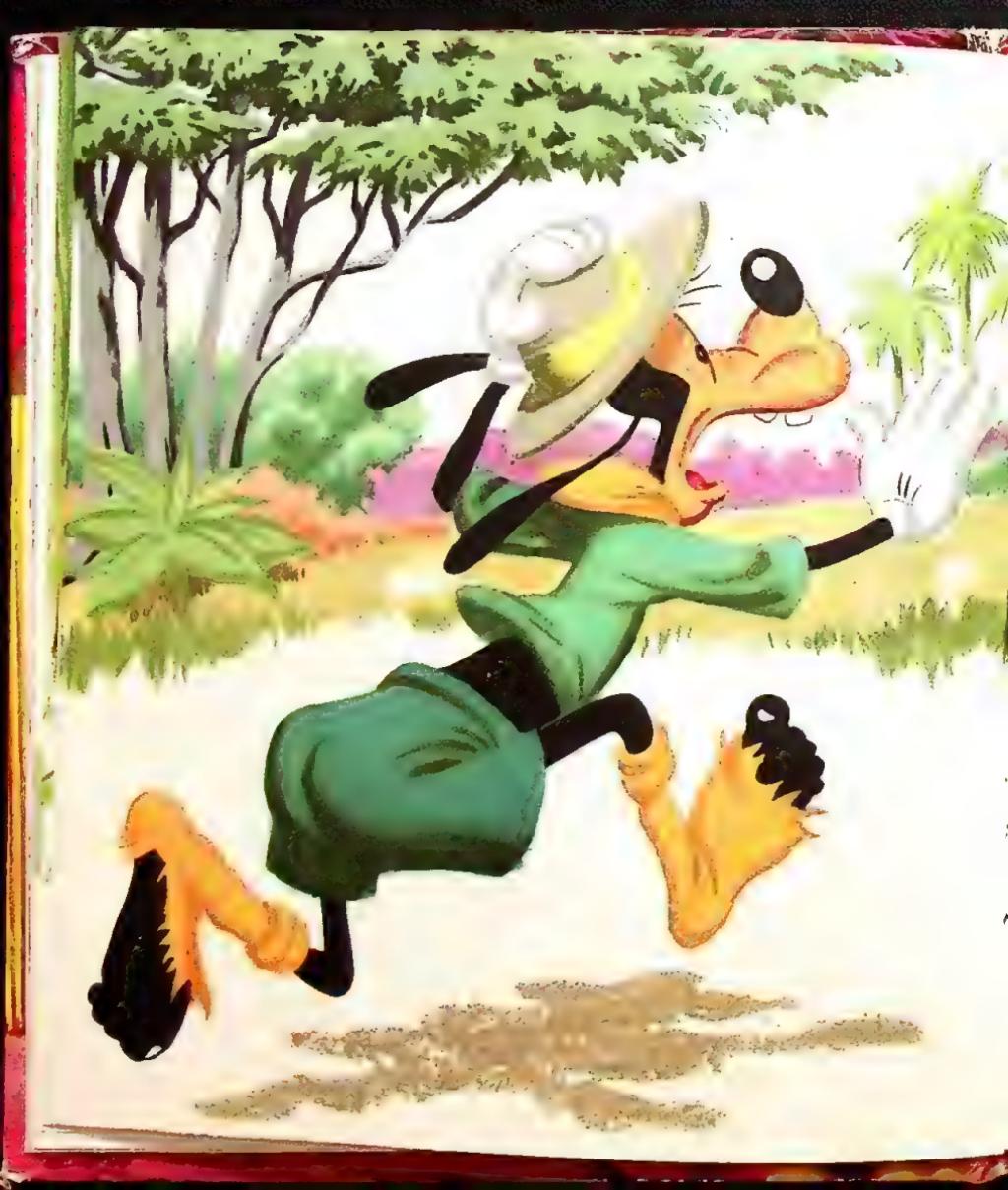




“What is it saying?” asked the tiger.

“It says this isn’t your lunchtime,” Goofy answered slyly.

“Let me see!” Gaunt dropped Goofy’s shoe and grabbed the watch.





That was just what Goofy wanted.
He scrambled to his feet and ran
as he had never run before.

Finally, tired and out of breath,
he leaned against a huge gray rock.



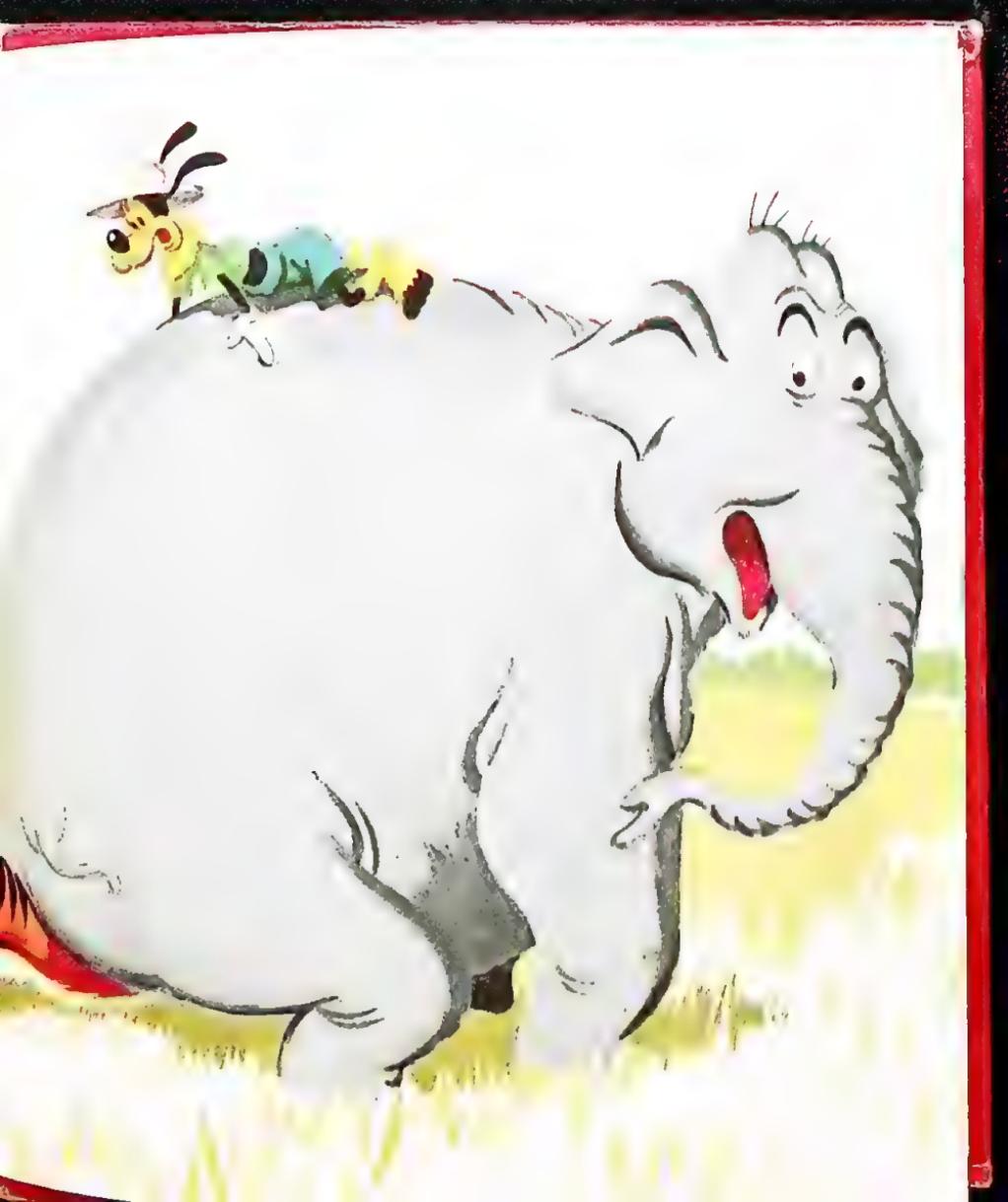
"This — is — the — end!" Goofy panted as he saw the tiger coming. At that moment something odd happened! The rock *moved!*



It was PLUMPO!

Gaunt sprang, but with a flourish of his trunk Plumpo lifted Goofy out of reach. Then Plumpo sat down —right on the tiger! Yes, he did. And he sat and sat and sat while Goofy caught his breath.

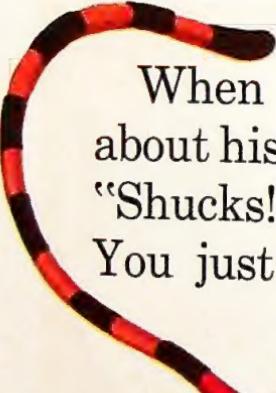






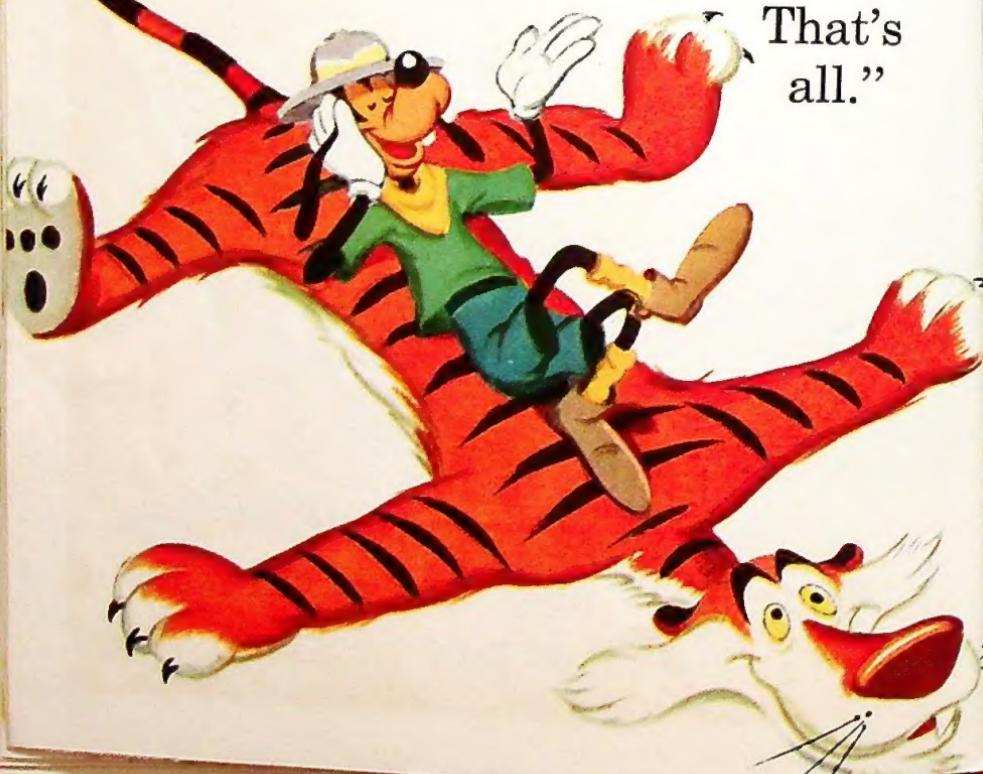


When Plumpo stood up at last,
there was a nice tiger-skin rug on
the ground. And now—

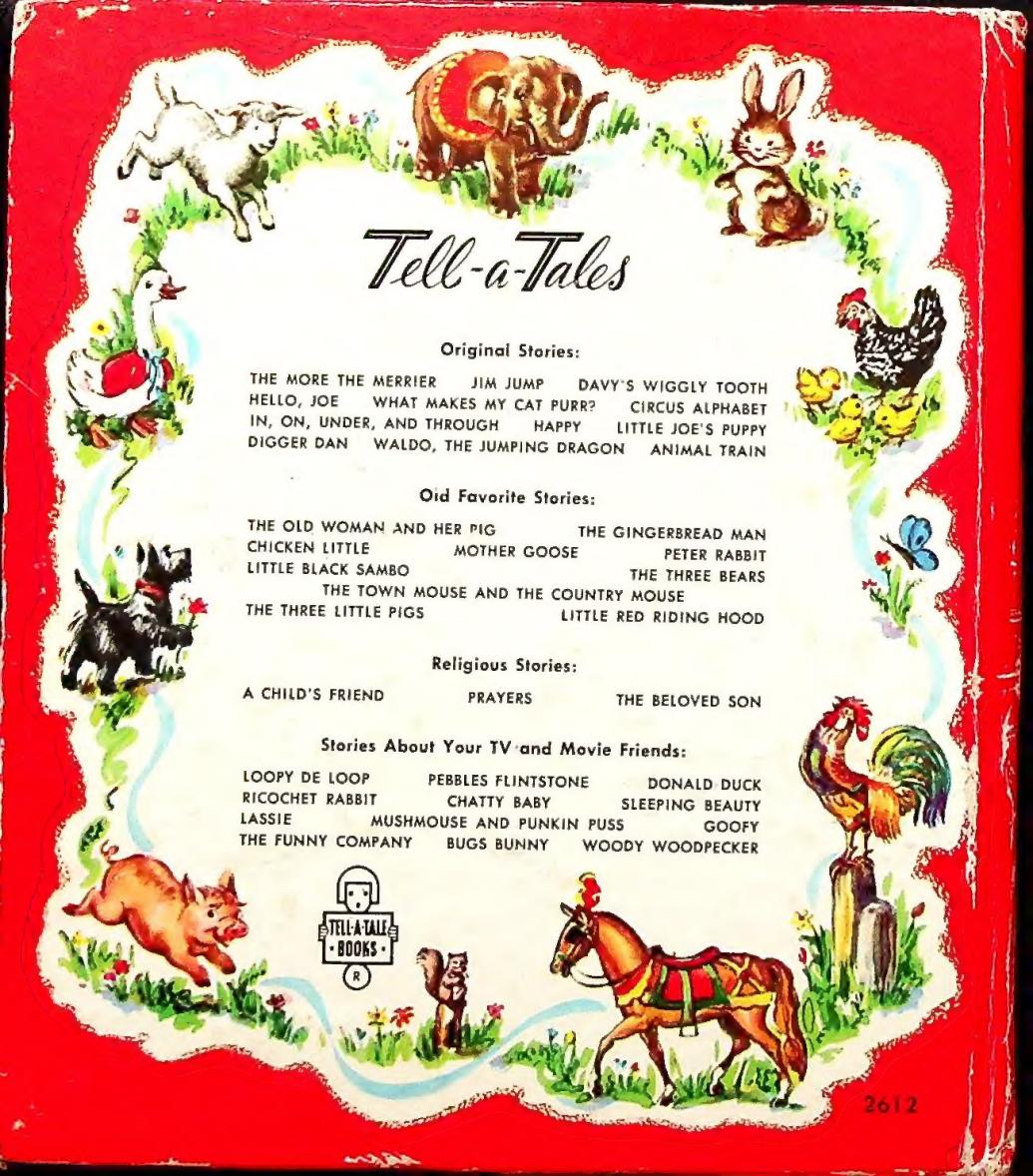


When Goofy's friends ask him about his tiger-skin rug, he chuckles. "Shucks! Hunting tigers is nothing. You just sit like a bump on a log.

That's all."







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